

Englands Sorrow

20.

For the Death of his late Majesty

King CHARLES the

Of Blessed Memory.

Unsluce your Tears for Shame: what can you keep
Your Eyes within their Sockets, and not Weep?
Have we a Jewel lost, more worth by far
Than *Africa* and both the *Indies* are?
And can you stop the Currant of your Tears,
And not Beflood your selves o're Head and Ears?
O Fie! fall down before his holy Shrine,
And Weep as fast as ever it did Raine,
Stamp, and with Tears inundate all your Cheeks,
And split his very *Marble-stone* with Streaks;
For we have lost that lovely Silver Dove,
Which was a Pledge of God Almighty's Love:
'Tis Flown away; and left its Corporal Arke,
(Until the Resurrection) in the Dark:
Our splended *Sun* is Set, and gone away,
And ne'er will Rise again till Judgment Day:
The Meekest, Sweetest, and the Best of Kings,
Is mounted on a pair of Angels Wings;
And by a Summon sent from God) is gone
To set upon the Everlasting Throne:
O! that I might (if it but Lawful were)
Whisper with Reverence at his Sacred Eare,
And ask if he in earnest had his Breath
Stop'd by the Handkerchief of Sawcy Death;
I can't believe it was; sure 'tis a Lye.
The Elect shall only Changed be, not Die:
And he I'm confident was one of those
Who being almost free from Sin was Chose:
And so he did not Die as some Report,
But went a Liye to the Cœlestial Court;
There to recieve (stead of a fading *Crown*)
One that I'm sure will never Tumble Down.
Therefore (when we perpend his Happines,
If we do Mourn) we ought to Mourn the less:
For (tho fond Nature bids us Weep a while,
When we consider that) we ought to Smile.
Truly (to Mourn no more) I hold it Best;
Come draw his Curtains close, and let him Rest:
Tho he is gone, yet he has left in's stead
The Bravest Prince that ever wore a Head:
Long may he Live to wear the *Crown* and Flourish,
Till all his Enemies Fret, Pine and Perish,

by J. Knap